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SAN DIEGO

ROUBADOOR

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



July 2006

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**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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# Eclecticism on Stage at Lestat's

by Mike Alvarez  
Photos by Lois Bach

A fingerstyle guitarist, a Chapman Stick player, and a plucking cellist...sounds like the beginning of a joke, doesn't it? While these three are nothing to laugh at, they were certainly cause for celebration at Lestat's last month. This might seem like an unlikely combination, but it made for a varied and satisfying show. Each performer brought a unique artistic sensibility and a high level of musical virtuosity to the stage. In keeping with the spirit of innovation, the proceedings were organized in a somewhat unconventional manner, with each artist playing a short set, then taking a second turn later.

First up was Jim Earp, a fixture on the San Diego music scene. His repertoire included instrumental arrangements of classic songs and originals, with occasional vocal numbers sprinkled in. Instrumental highlights were his version of the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby" and his own composition called "Aconcagua," named for a mountain peak in South America. He played with an effortless technique and a veteran musician's instincts. He knew precisely when to pull out the fireworks and when to lay back, always in service to the song. When singing songs such as Neil Young's "Old Man" and Bruce Cockburn's

"Lovers In A Dangerous Time," his voice proved to be as warm and inviting as his stage demeanor.

Tom Griesgraber is known throughout San Diego and beyond as one of the foremost proponents of the Chapman Stick, a multi-stringed beast that covers the range of the bass as well as the guitar, and is played with an unusual tapping technique. He has toured and recorded with members of Peter Gabriel's band and King Crimson. With his formidable rack of processors and loopers, he can create full arrangements as a soloist. Memorable tunes were the infectious "77 Times" and the mysterious "Victor's Chase" from his CD *A Whisper in the Thunder*. A delightful surprise was an affecting cover version of Sting's "Why Should I Cry for You." Most impressive, however, was an as-yet unnamed song that was built from the ground up with musical loops, embodying Griesgraber's artistic approach of impressive technical display that never loses sight of its core musicality.

If there was a headliner among these impressive artists, it would have to be Boston cellist Lindsay Mac. Although classically trained, she is making her mark with her innovations in the pop arena. She was featured on the cover of the February 2006 issue of *Strings* magazine, and her band recently opened for kd lang in Boston. Through relentless touring she has been making a name for herself as a singer-songwriter who just happens to accompany herself by plucking a cello. No bow graced the stage, as her technique of choice is to strum chords and pick out arpeggios. Both of her sets included material culled from her debut CD *Small Revolution*, all original except for a surprising cover of Bill Withers' R&B hit "Use Me." Her music covered a lot of territory, ranging from the raucous ("Nowhere"), to the ribald ("Stumble"). She became misty-eyed as she performed the beautifully poignant "Pale Reflection," and was definitely not alone in this regard. Her colorful slice-of-life lyrics were delivered with a slyly expressive voice that seemed to evoke that of another rock cello goddess, Melora Creager of Rasputina.



Tom Griesgraber



Lindsay Mac



Jim Earp

Anyone looking for great live music presented with great skill and sincerity cannot go wrong with any one of these artists. Those in attendance that evening were fortunate to experience all three.

## Steve Covault Puts the Focus on Music

by Mike Alvarez

Lucky is the person who can turn their passion into a profession. By combining his loves of photography and music, Steve Covault is a man who can be considered twice-blessed. Creating vivid images of performing musicians, the list of artists he has lensed is long, ranging from the local (Buddy Blue, Steve Poltz, Jose Sinatra) to the legendary (Earth Wind and Fire, John Densmore and Ray Manzarek of the Doors, Dickey Betts, Leon Russell).

His work is currently on exhibit at Hot Monkey Love Café through July. A reception on June 18 attracted several noted photographers as well as music fans. Look for upcoming exhibitions at Twiggs in August, and Rebecca's Coffeehouse during September and October. [www.stevecovault.com](http://www.stevecovault.com).



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# Fairport Convention: The Crowned Jewel of English Folk Rock

by Steve Thorn

On Sunday, July 2, Muswell Hill's other famous musical legacy will be making a rare local appearance as part of Acoustic Music San Diego's concert series in Normal Heights.

Pop music aficionados will recognize this North London suburb as the birthplace of the Kinks, the quintessential English rock group from the British Invasion movement of the 1960s. But another band with an equally impressive resume also hails from the same neighborhood: Fairport Convention. If the volatile relationship of brothers Ray and Dave Davies provided the impetus for the creation of heavy metal (i.e., the Kinks' "You Really Got Me"), then Fairport Convention can make their rightful claim as the founders of British folk rock.

Inspired by the wonderfully peculiar British habit of attaching names to residences, "Fairport" was the Muswell Hill family home of founding member Simon Nicol.

Combining the house name with the revolving door of musicians in North London provided a moniker that rolled easily off the tongue: a Fairport Convention.

Fairport's first album, released in 1967, featured Nicol on guitar and vocals, Richard Thompson on lead guitar, Ashley Hutchings on bass, Martin Lamble on drums, Ian Matthews on vocals, and Judy Dyble on lead vocals. Departing immediately following the LP's debut, Dyble's exodus began an extraordinary history of the group's personnel changes, which made the genealogy of Fleetwood Mac and Savoy Brown seem pedestrian by comparison. And while a thesis on all Fairport alumni would prove a daunting task, it's important from a historical perspective to provide a brief overview of the accomplishments of Thompson, Hutchings, Matthews, vocalist Sandy Denny, and violinist Dave Swarbrick.

Thompson's fiery guitar playing and strong songwriting skills blossomed during the Fairport lineups of the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Challenged and inspired by Swarbrick on the funeral dirge "Sloth" (from the *Full House* album), Thompson responded with a memorable solo that is still revered by guitarists today. In 1972 Thompson released his first solo album, *Henry the Human Fly*. Subsequent recordings with his first wife, Linda (*I Want to See the Bright Lights Tonight*; *Shoot Out the Lights*), and releases under his own name (*Hand of Kindness*, *Rumor and Sigh*) have maintained a standard few singer-songwriters have matched. From his early days of performing at the sadly missed Old Time Café in Leucadia during the 1980s to his annual summer appearances at Humphrey's on Shelter Island, Thompson has grown to become a San Diego favorite.



Sandy Denny solo album, 1972

As Fairport's musicologist, Hutchings' love of centuries-old sea ballads and the lost days of chivalry led the group through interesting chapters of ancient British music. After leaving Fairport Convention, Hutchings furthered the British folk rock cause with memorable work in Steeleye Span and the Albion Band.

Matthews' strong vocals and harmony highlighted the first two Fairport albums. As his bandmates became immersed in all things Britannica, Matthews heeded Horace Greeley's advice and decided to "go West." Matthews (who later changed the spelling of his first name to Iain) carved out a comfortable career in contemporary folk music and country-rock. His 1970 cover of Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock," recorded

with a new band, Matthews Southern Comfort, was a chart-topper on both sides of the Atlantic. Matthews continued to follow his own course, and his recordings have included collaborations with other free spirits (former Monkee Michael Nesmith is perhaps the best known). It wasn't a Fairport Convention but more like a "reunion" when Matthews was asked to appear as the opening act for Thompson in 1988. Both artists performed riveting sets (Thompson brought along his electric guitar and convinced all witnesses he was no mere "folkie") at Kearny Mesa's Bacchanal nightclub that year.

A two-time winner of the Melody Maker poll as best British female vocalist, Sandy Denny was the most highly regarded English female folksinger of the 1960s and 1970s. Her signature composition, "Who Knows Where the Time Goes?" became a classic and is perhaps best known by the public through Judy Collins' cover version. Providing a different approach to Led Zeppelin's testosterone-driven rock, Denny performed "Battle of Evermore" with Robert Plant on *Led Zeppelin IV*.

Denny replaced Dyble as Fairport's female vocalist on the second LP, *What We Did on our Holidays*. Her first era with the band also included two other strong albums, *Unhalfbricking* and *Liege and Lief*. Not surprisingly, it was this musical triumvirate of the Denny-Fairport relationship that provided the foundation of the band's reputation for decades to follow.

Her outside projects included a one-album stint with the band Fotheringay and four critically acclaimed solo albums: *The North Star Grassman and the Ravens*; *Sandy*; *Like an Old Fashioned Waltz*; and *Rendezvous*. She was part of the Fairport lineup that shared the bill with Dan Hicks and the Ozark Mountain Daredevils in 1974 at Tuesday's, a nightclub in downtown San Diego. Tragically, Denny lost her life when she fell down a narrow flight of stairs in an old English home in 1978. An autopsy report stated that the 31-year old singer died from a cerebral hemorrhage. (Fairport had already suffered the loss of Lamble and fashion designer Jeanne "The Taylor" Franklyn in a 1969 "roadie" van accident, which seriously injured other group members.) In similar fashion to another deceased songwriter



From the gatefold sleeve of the 1970 *Full House* album: Dave Swarbrick, Dave Mattacks, Simon Nicol, Richard Thompson, Dave Pegg

contemporary of her time – the enigmatic Nick Drake – Denny's catalog of music has remained in circulation.

Half court jester, the other half serious musician, Swarbrick's fiddling highlighted many Fairport recording sessions, with his stage charisma warmly received by audiences around the globe. Swarbrick and Nicol brought a parlor room intimacy to a memorable gig at the Old Time Café in 1984. His appearances have tapered off in recent years due to a variety of health issues, most notably a severe hearing loss.

What is Fairport Convention's state of affairs in 2006? The best it has been in years. Media attention in their native country has been enormous, partially due to a public outpouring of affection for a band that has somehow managed to persevere for almost 40 years. Former and current Fairport members will be gathering next month in England for the annual Cropredy Festival, an outdoor extravaganza that has grown into one of the largest folk festivals in the world, featuring the group that created this summit starring as the headliners.

It also doesn't hurt to hit the touring circuit to promote a strong album. Fairport's most recent studio CD, *Over the Next Hill*, compares favorably with the old Thompson-Denny lineup. Nicol's vocals are as strong as ever (notably apparent on the title song) and the instrumental tracks allow the current band to flex a bit and have some fun.

Fairport Convention of the new millennium features Nicol, bassist Dave Pegg, violinist Ric Sanders, vocalist-violinist (and mandolin player) Chris Leslie, and drummer Gerry Conway.

"Peggy" Pegg grew up in the 1960s Birmingham

UK rock scene, which gave birth to the Move, Spencer Davis Group, and many others. His best known work outside of Fairport has been as a touring and recording member of Jethro Tull. Sanders is a former member of the ground-breaking jazz fusion group Soft Machine; Leslie was groomed as a replacement by Swarbrick himself, and Conway has been in demand as a percussionist, keeping time for the compositions of Paul McCartney, Gerry Rafferty, and Cat Stevens.

For the Acoustic San Diego appearance, Nicol, Sanders and Leslie will be billed as Fairport Acoustic Convention. Although the show won't have the amplification from the days when Fairport used to open for Traffic, Pink Floyd, and the like, it might just be the audience, judging by fan e-mail pouring in from earlier dates on the current tour, who will find the night electrifying.

Fairport Convention is part of a busy British folk music season in Normal Heights. On July 15, John Renbourn, founder of the equally influential group Pentangle, will be appearing. For tickets to both shows, contact Acoustic Music San Diego at [www.acousticmusicsandiego.com](http://www.acousticmusicsandiego.com).



Current lineup: Chris Leslie, Simon Nicol, Ric Sanders

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Lou Curtiss

## CURT BOUTERSE



Curt Bouterse plays the gourd banjo he made

Photo: Bill Richardson

# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

I've known Curtis Carlisle Bouterse since about 1963 when we revived an on-campus club at San Diego State together called the Campus Organized Folksingers and Folksong Society (the group had actually been founded the summer before by folksinger Michael Cooney, so he'd have an on-campus forum to have Sam Hinton perform in concert). The idea Curt and I had, together with some other folksingers on campus, was to provide information about folk happenings and to organize a few picking sessions. Our Thursday old time pick sessions at noon in the Rose Arbor behind Scripps Cottage (in its old location up the hill from where it is now) most always featured Curt with the many instruments he played (autoharp, hammered dulcimer, and old time banjo – I think he was playing a fretless banjo even then), along with so many others like Dennis Squier, Wayne and Warren Stromberg, Clarke Powell, Nicolette Axton (now Birkett), Corkey Woerner, Ray Bierl, and even yours truly with my Hohner Marine Band harmonica.

It was always Curt, however, who led the way with ideas, new (old) songs, and things we should be listening to. When we heard about the 1963 UCLA Folk Festival it was Curt who thought a bunch of us should go, and we did (in 1964 and 1965 too). Talking about a San Diego Folk Festival led to the first one in 1967. Curt was emcee and performer at that one and he's been a part of every other one along the way,

including last year's 33rd Annual Adams Avenue Roots Festival.

Curt finally has a CD that includes material from at least a part of his old time music repertoire. It's called *Curt Bouterse Down the Road I'll Go (Fretless Old Time Music)* and it centers around the old time fretless banjo music and songs that Curt has been singing at folk and roots festivals, concerts, and coffeehouses in the area for as long as I've known him. The CD is on Eagles Whistle Music, which is part of Dancing Cat Productions (P.O. Box 951, Drain, OR 97435). The fretless banjo or banjer, as Curt and the folks who invented it call it, was the first instrument I heard Curt play. He had built his own right around the time I met him. About that same time he had acquired a yang gin (Chinese hammered dulcimer) and a little later a Frank Proffit-built fretless banjo. Back then you could check out an autoharp from the property room at SDSU for the afternoon if you were a student (as I did in many a case), but it seems to me that Curt had an arsenal of autoharps even then, including one of the little four-bar Zimmermans from the 1800s. He also built an Appalachian dulcimer during those early years.

It was an exciting time in the early and mid-1960s. Lots of old timers were being discovered and rediscovered and on any weekend you might see such folks as Mississippi John Hurt, Clarence Ashley, Rev. Gary Davis, Roscoe Holcomb, the Stanley Brothers, Elizabeth Cotton, Almeda Riddle, Son House, Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers, Hobart Smith, J.E. Mainers Mountaineers, the Blue Sky Boys, Frank Proffit, and Furry Lewis either in San Diego or in L.A., along with revivalists like the New Lost City Ramblers to sort of set everything in perspective. That's also what Curt Bouterse was all about (and still is). If you had a question about a traditional song, Curt could usually answer it. He probably doesn't know this but when I started putting the folk festivals together, I knew I was going in the right direction when I had his approval (along with Sam Hinton, Stu Jamieson, my parents, and, later, Johnny Walker). Curt, for example, came back to San Diego after seeing Roscoe Holcomb, or maybe it was because he'd just seen *The High*

*Lonesome Sound*, a film that John Cohen put together (now available on video). He told us that this was someone worth hearing and that we ought to all go out and get the LP *Mountain Music of Kentucky* on the Folkways label, which about five or six of us did that I know about. That record and its CD reissue (with added tracks) is still in my collection. Curt never turned me on to a type of music that I was sorry about (I confess to only a passing interest in Gamalan) although I sure think any kind of ethnic music should be listened to, preserved, and known about.

Now let's move on to what's on Curt's CD, which features a number of instrumentals played on various kinds of banjers, hammered dulcimer, and at least one on the Khaen, a six-pipe pentatonic mouth organ from Thailand on which he plays "Angelina Baker" and "Sally Goodin," naturally. There are some ballads and folk songs sung solo and in duet with his sister Lee, played on autoharp, Appalachian dulcimer, and various banjers, including "Turkish Enemy," "Pretty Polly," "Your Long Journey," "Two Little Children," and others. This is a fine and long overdue CD from an artist who ought to be a lot better known in folk life circles. I hope he doesn't wait too long for the next one. The CD also includes excellent notes about Curt and about the songs, but I could have told him he got "Temperance Reel" from a hammered dulcimer player named Chet Parker off a Vanguard Newport Folk Festival LP (or maybe from a Chet Parker LP on Folkways, but I'd guess it was the former since I remember playing the Newport LP for Curt). At any rate, check out the fine cover photo by Virginia Curtiss (available at reasonable rates to do your CD cover photo) and most of all check out the music. You won't be sorry.

Photo: Virginia Curtiss



Fretless banjo workshop, 1979

## OLE BRO. LOU ON THE RADIO

We'll be celebrating my 20 years on KSDS (88.3-FM) on July 25 with a special concert featuring blues pianist Floyd Dixon at the San Diego City College auditorium. I actually started in radio when I took sides down to KPRI's O.B. Jetty Show around 1968. I worked my way up to doing a Sunday night blues show on KPRI. Later, I moved to KDEO and then KGB where I did an old time gospel bluegrass show and a mixed bag old timey show (called *The Folk Arts Radio Show*) for most of the 1970s, moving on to KSDS in 1986. Liking to gab as I do and liking to tell you stuff you might not know, I'm hoping to continue to do it for awhile. See you on the 25th.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss



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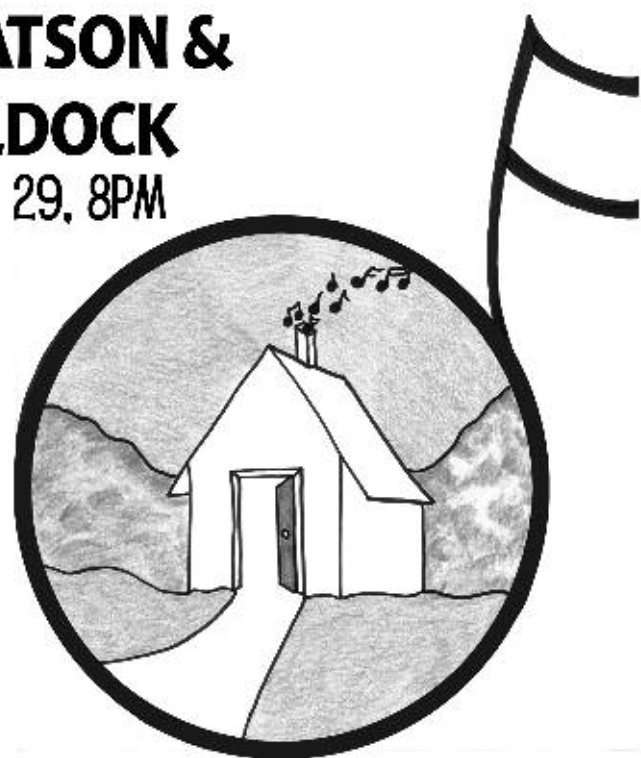


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# The Many Musical Lives of Tanya and Larry Rose

by Allen Singer

If you've been to the Adams Avenue Roots Festival in recent years, or the San Diego Bluegrass Society or the San Diego Folk Song Society meetings, you've experienced the golden voice and guitar of Tanya Rose. At her side you'll find her husband, Larry, playing mandolin or guitar, while singing his dreams of smoky, dark honky tonks, rusty old train rails, and back porch bluegrass. If you've been around San Diego folk music since the early 1960s, you'll remember Tanya Rose as one of the central players in the local coffeehouse scene from 1961 to 1968. A self-taught player, Tanya's first guitar was high strung, hard to play, and just plain awful. She'd tell folks, "You should start out with the best instrument you can afford and not a torture guitar."

Over the last few years Tanya and Larry have been editing and revitalizing the San Diego Folk Song Society newsletter, an organization that has provided us all with everything you've ever wanted to know about folk happenings in our town, including local concerts, musicians, and insightful commentary about the music. Tanya is also the treasurer and membership director for the Society, founded by Sam Hinton in 1957.

The Roses have been living in San Diego and playing folk music since the early 1960s, having both got bitten by the folk music bug after hearing Sam Hinton play in elementary school. When he was just eight years old, Larry saw Sam's "harmonica in mouth routine" and was clearly intrigued by the experience, imitating the moves for me during our conversation. Tanya talked about seeing Sam's garden hose trumpet playing and how she was drawn into the music from that point on. The "Great Folk Scare" of the 1960s drew them further into the music we folkies still love and recall every time we pick up our instruments.

During a recent conversation, Tanya and Larry shared more about their life story and musical journey. Larry gave me their instrument count, which is "four mandolins that are all top of the line, eight guitars, a dobro, three fiddles, a banjo, a zither, and two autoharps to complete the collection" so far. He also disclosed their joy at having eight cats, all rescued after being abandoned or thrown into the street.

Tanya is an expert at taming feral cats and

hand-raising orphaned kittens. Larry said, "We had one stray that came into the yard recently, snarling and hissing at us. Tanya turned him into a cream puff in a few days, then took him to the vet for the usual neutering. He is a mellow fellow now and can be found sleeping on our patio swing at least 18 hours a day." Adding to his pearls of cat wisdom Larry said, "Once you understand these creatures, you begin to admire them. They keep our orchard and garden free of rats, gophers, and vermin and they are on duty 24-7. They are spotlessly clean, very quiet, and are the only creatures on the planet who bury their waste. It's a scientific fact that cats will lower your blood pressure if they are near you even if you claim you hate cats. History's best known cat haters were Napoleon and Adolf Hitler. Cruel, mean, and psychotic people always hate cats. Tanya and I love them."

During the 1960s Tanya was a regular at the Heritage Coffeehouse in Mission Beach. It was there that Larry first saw Tanya's act and soon saw her perform at Bi-Frost Bridge, Circe's Cup, and The End, all venues where folkies hung out during those days. Tanya also did school concerts for local kids. "Tanya still doesn't think that her contribution to the local folk scene was any big deal compared to so many others," Larry has tried to convince her, however, that she was indeed a big deal back in the early 1960s, in particular when she was admired enough to be invited on local television. Scheduled to play on the old Channel 8 morning show the producer and host insulted her, thinking she was schmoozing with them in order to get her "big break." Tanya was so disgusted, she packed up her guitar and walked out to the applause of the cameramen and studio floor staff who thought she showed a lot of class not to take such negative stuff from those guys. Larry added, "This is the real Tanya who will never compromise her music or take crap from anyone, TV big shot or not."

Sharing another story, Larry continues, "After stomping out in a huff at Channel 8, Tanya was invited to pick and sing on Regis Philbin's show on TV 8's bitter rival Channel 10 back in the days before Regis became nationally famous. She actually did this TV gig and told me that the young Regis was very nice to her. Locally, Tanya was very well known as a great voice during the Folk Scare. I doubt whether there were many other local



Tanya and Larry Rose

folkies invited to sing on local TV in those days."

Larry's interest in original country music began at home, listening to the many old 78s his folks had and to the *Grand Ole Opry* in Nashville on the radio every Saturday night. Larry recalled attending a Hank Williams concert at the Bostonia Ball Room in El Cajon in 1952 and finding out years later that a 12-year-old Lou Curtiss had attended the same concert with his family. Larry was also a big fan of the Stanley Brothers, thanks to being a friend of the great Dobro-playing Clarke Powell during the early 1960s. Clarke turned him on to "the good stuff" and was the first person to encourage Larry to pick hillbilly music, although Larry says, "I never considered myself very good at it. Clarke and I went to the UCLA Folk Festivals in 1963 and 1964 where we saw Merle Travis, Doc Watson, and Joe Maphis doing a guitar workshops along with some kid named Ry Cooder. We also saw the Kentucky Colonels with legendary guitar picker Clarence White. We were both stoked out of our minds at that festival. The pickin' was the hottest we had ever seen. Then came a Flatt and Scruggs concert at the old Russ Auditorium at San Diego High School. Grandpa Jones opened for them."

The direction of Larry's musical interests was set from then on — and this was before Larry really got to know Tanya. He became a big fan of San Diego's first local bluegrass band, the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, founded by San Diego local Ed Douglas, owner of the Double Eagle in Normal Heights, and never missed a show. He hung out at coffeehouses where these guys played. He met Tanya along the way and they were married in 1968. It's ironic to note that although they have been married for a long time, Larry never played

with a band or in public until the Adams Avenue Roots Festival in 2004, where he played with Tanya and the New Smokey Mountain Boys. Larry explained, "There is not much to my story compared to Tanya and here's the reason why: I came back from Viet Nam in 1967 lucky to be alive. When I got out of the Army I promptly went looking for a good guitar with my mustering out money. Until that time I had dabbled with a five-string banjo and had a very good 1955 Gibson Mastertone that I bought about a year before I got drafted. I went into Valley Music in El Cajon and bought a 1935 Martin D-18 from the late Cactus Soldi, the store owner, for \$150 bucks, a lot of money in those days for a scratched up, well-used guitar. Cactus' son Jim, one-time guitar picker in Johnny Cash's band, now runs the store. Right after Tanya and I were married I acquired a terrific Joseph Klotz fiddle, made in 1795. It was a concert quality instrument that was given to me by a neighbor who found it in his attic. I was making better progress playing fiddle and guitar than I was the banjo, so it ended up under the bed and was never played again. With this old fiddle and the D-18 I was in hog heaven! That old Martin was the best guitar I have ever owned. I hand-carved pearl inlay flowers on the bridge to really make it mine. It was stolen in 1974 in a home burglary along with my prized fiddle. I was so depressed I gave up playing guitar or fiddle for the next 25 years. My homeowners insurance company gave me \$10,000 for the fiddle and a couple of hundred for the Martin but it was small consolation for

such a devastating loss. [That pre-war guitar would be worth at least \$20,000 now. The fiddle would fetch even more.]" Larry described the loss as a trauma, enough to stop his playing and concentrate instead on being a full time architect, a day job he has worked at for 39 years. He continued, "A few years later I got a nice F-5 style mandolin built by old friend Doug McKee in the late 1970s and fooled around with that because I never expected to find a decent guitar to replace that old Martin or a fiddle like the one I lost. Meanwhile Tanya was still playing with friends at private parties but rarely at any formal gigs. We picked a bit on our back porch, but that was about it until Lou Curtiss convinced Tanya to come out of retirement to play at the 2000 Roots festival."

Lou Curtiss recently e-mailed me to say, "I've known Tanya since the coffeehouse days sometime in the mid-1960s. I think we were in a band together for about five minutes. She has become, along with Larry, an important part of the local contingent at our Adams Ave. Roots Festivals, and she has a country voice that stands up to the very best in country from any era. Add to that Tanya and Larry's support for the music and people who make it and you've got something very special. I know I couldn't do the things I do without the support of people like Tanya and Larry."

Larry adds, "I was just Tanya's pack mule, toting her gear at that time, having never played in front of anyone except a few close friends at private local hoots. Doug McKee came over from Arizona a lot to play mando with the New Smokey Mountain Boys and backed Tanya on guitar and mando for her solo gigs at the Roots Festivals from 2000-2003. We have been married for 35 years but I had still not picked with her beyond our own back porch. From the Roots experience Tanya was recruited by Sandy Stedinger and Dan Shalit to show up and pick at the San Diego Folk Song Society meetings. I went initially as Tanya's pack mule again and did not pick for the first few meetings."

I first met Tanya and Larry at the SDFSS when we ended up sitting next to each other. Tanya's voice and guitar picking and Larry's infectious soul brought life to a drifting group. Larry continues, "I finally did a few solos at SDFSS in 2001, which was the very first time I ever played or sang in front of people I didn't know. So, as you can see, my public music "career," such as it is, started only about five years ago. Going strong for more than 45

continued on page 12.

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# My Trips to Camp

## Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah – I'm at a Songwriting Camp and I'm not a Writer

by Suzanne Shea Reed

What the heck am I doing here? They'll find out I can't write and I'll be totally embarrassed and...and... Wait, they are saying it's okay if I just want to listen to their songs. I don't have to write a thing. I can just take a walk or nap all day. Or I can try and write something. I don't have to show them any of my ideas. I can sit in the sun or shade and just THINK about writing. Or, I can take all the workshops offered, or I can just watch them write. I can do whatever I want. If I should happen to come up with a song I can keep it to myself or there will be an Open Mic and I can try my song out on them. So many options...

### WINTERSONGS WEST 2005

I first heard about SummerSongs when I was going through one of the many music magazines I scan daily and happened to see their ad. I went to their website ([www.summersongs.com](http://www.summersongs.com)) and found out this songwriting camp was based on the East Coast, but they were also starting up camps (retreats) on the West Coast as well. A weekend camp was coming up in January 2005. I was intrigued because after 41 years of singing and playing the guitar – 20 of which I was making a good living at it – I had a notion that I wanted to try to focus on writing songs for a change. I still enjoy playing in cafes from time to time, but now I wanted to have some originals to sing. I had made my living doing cover tunes and happily so. I'd dabble in writing here and there but never seriously except for one tune that I co-wrote with Diana Cox Harris, a wonderful writer. That song got as far as Reba McEntyre's Semifinal 50 list for her new album, but it didn't make the final cut. After that I just went back to my covers or, should I say, under my covers?

For some reason this Summersongs ad really drew me in. Maybe I was just



SummerSongs group

Most of us slept in the big "chapel" room in sleeping bags. The workshops were held in different areas outside and inside the house. I thought it was amazing that Severin and his wife would allow us to invade their home. Understandably, this would not be the site for the retreat the following year, so I relished every minute there I could. It felt like being in a castle in Ireland, a thought that kept coming to me. There were large rooms, high ceilings, a very big fireplace, a huge pipe organ in the "chapel" room, and a hidden

staircase to the cellar. Parts of the house were a bit damp and musty, yet it was warm and friendly at the same time. It was so wonderful I wanted to start writing. Most of the attendees came from the L.A. area, several from Santa Barbara, a few of us from San Diego, and one or two from the East Coast. There were attendees who worked in the arts, some held blue collar jobs, and some worked in professional fields, all of us different types who were there for the songwriting experience – our common denominator.

I really wanted to start writing and hoped I would actually come up with a song. I HAD to...the environment was so perfect! I envisioned myself staying up for hours surrounded by fellow students singing around the fire, however I spent most of the time in my sleeping bag listening to them all sing these great songs they had written. I drifted off to sleep as they were singing a new tune, complete with beautiful harmonies.

Over the next two days I took workshops on writing, harmony singing, vocal strengthening, and guitar technique, all of which were really interesting. I enjoyed being surrounded by music for a whole weekend without interruptions! No having to stop and pay the bills, or go to the store, or answer the phone, or clean the house – just musical saturation.

I tried to write something that day and the next, but nothing came to me. I tried singing a few tunes I had written long

ago, but they just didn't feel right to me at all. I tried singing some cover tunes (my comfort zone) but that didn't feel right either. So I just listened for a change, I listened and learned. I heard some great songs and I had some ideas that were just seeds, but I was encouraged. No one was judgmental; there was only support. Mike enjoyed the weekend too. He felt comfortable enough to try out several different workshops on his own. He also went off on his own to play his guitar wherever he wanted to.

When we all left on Sunday afternoon I was surprised afterward to find how *bonding* such a short amount of time was for us all (cringe cringe...sorry, I tried very hard not to use that cliché...nothing I can do about it though. *We bonded*). That first night I felt like I didn't fit in at all, but by Sunday something just caught up with me and I was really sad to be leaving these people.

Ironically, I never wrote a thing at the first camp, but I was head over heels in love with the idea of it all. I went home and stayed in touch with the gang via a Yahoo Group site. I tried a bit of writing but nothing was coming to me... yet.

### SUMMERSONGS WEST 2005

After my experience at WinterSongs, emails among the attendees started to fly back and forth. I soon heard about plans for SummerSongs West, a week-long camp in June at El Capitan Canyon, a few miles north of Santa Barbara. Registration cost a bit more this time: around \$650. At first I just couldn't justify going, having just attended the last camp (times two, because I paid for Mike as well) so I wasn't sure whether I could afford SummerSongs too. But when I learned it was the week I would be off work anyway, I felt the pull to go. AND...I could drive there, which is always one of the deciding factors for me; not having to spend big bucks to fly somewhere helped me justify other expenses.

I registered. This time we could share a cabin with one or two others to help a little with the cost. Since my idea of camping is a four-star hotel with wood paneling, I was a little concerned, but I decided to relax and try to be okay with roughing it a bit. Well, let me tell you, these cabins were my kind of camping. Each cabin had two bunk beds, a small but very clean bathroom, and a little kitchenette. And the *bed*! It was the most comfortable bed I've ever slept in. I forgot to ask them what kind of mattresses and comforters they were, but wow, I slept like a log. I had the perfect cabin mates too. I ended up sharing the cabin with Renee and Jaynee, two pals I made at WinterSongs. They are talented, hard -

working gals who also have *the* best senses of humor. We laughed so hard...at everything!

On the first day at camp there was an orientation and we received a packet of information listing workshop choices and eating schedules. Open Mics would be held in the evenings, so you could test your songs on a very safe and supportive group. I hadn't yet finished a song by the first Open Mic, so I went with a cover tune, once again reaching for my safety blanket. One of the instructors, a super writer and great gal named Wendy Waldman, told me to just go for it and do an original. I reeeeeeally wanted to, but I still was on shaky ground with my originals, so I didn't. I wish I had. The good news is that I could feel a new sense of determination to finish some songs there and do them at Open Mic by the time I left. We had a campfire one night. All the guitars came out and we sang every song we could think of. The group was so diverse that a wonderful array of songs went flying by – not just your basic campfire songs but any song we had ever heard in our lives, which made me happy that I knew so many cover tunes.

Throughout the week I participated in several workshops. At one we were encouraged to read our lyrics out loud and receive feedback from others, which I found really difficult at first, but when I realized that no one was going to hurl tomatoes at me, I gave it a shot. It helped me become very honest with my lyrics as well as take the time to make sure my audience understood just what it is I set out to say. Sometimes it was emotional and, at times, very funny. Each of us became fearless as the class rolled on.

There were also a few "new age" workshops for those who wanted to explore certain things like auras, tonings, and chantings as well as interesting interplays to color your voice and open up your mind. It's all related. Each instructor had his or her own interesting, educational, and entertaining information to impart to us. We had the best instructors (take a look at the Summersongs, Inc. website and read those bios!).

The idea of participating in this experience is to take what you want from the camp. You can enjoy just spending the time on your own, jump into it all, or find somewhere in between. We walked a lot (bring your tennis shoes and a lightweight gig bag for your guitar!) and there were quiet places everywhere if you wanted to sit on a bench and write.

This time something clicked for me at this camp. By the second day, words and

continued on page 12.

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# GREGORY P

by Bill Richardson

## THE SAGA THUS FAR, NUTSHELLED

An English baby boy with the veddy English name of Gregory Page sits on Paul McCartney's lap in Barcelona, Spain, while his mom's band plays its opening set at a concert featuring the Fab Four. Thus, in the wee wee years of his wee life was Gregory's innocent, wee ass blessed. Whee!

Gregory's journey through youth is happily saturated with music, thanks to the proclivities and talents of many members of his extended family.

At 15 he moves from North London to North Park in San Diego, where his grandparents happen to be living on Gregory Street. Moves back to England after 10 years, deciding he doesn't feel English anymore. Comes back less than a year later in 1987, where he soon hooks up with Steve Poltz, joins the Rugburns, and, soon enough, discerning San Diego music lovers join together and are hooked for good on Gregory Page.

## ONE FAN'S PREDICTION

Near the end of 2005, most likely in early November, an older fan phoned Gregory Page to share his latest revelation, a prediction the local legend hasn't forgotten. "Listen," the fan whispered. "I believe that 2006 is going to be the Year of Gregory Page."

Not half over yet, the year has still to be christened, but Page's name does still seem to be remaining there on the short list over by the incubator.

Uncommon times demand uncommon heroes, and there is very little that is common about Mr. Page.

Let's try a little test.

Ask just about any artist what his or her *own* favorite album is and you'll usually get one of two answers.

A fair number will reply (with a self-deceptive sense of poetic originality), "Oh, I still haven't made my best one yet."

The more common response (equally clichéd and pathetically ignorant) would go something like, "Asking me to choose my favorite is like asking a parent, 'Which is your favorite child?' You really can't answer something like that, can you?" *Now how's that for a revelation, the artist thinks. Didn't think I was so wise, so deep, did you?*

Now for some refreshment. Put the question to a certifiable original like Gregory Page and you get a unique response, one that steals your breath for a moment to pat its soft spot gently before floating it back into your chest.

"My best album? It's the one I'm just finishing. It's coming out in September. It's called *Daydreaming at Night*. I swear it's the best thing I've ever done. Best album ever made, not to take anything away from *Rubber Soul*. No, I'm kidding. (or did he say "No kidding"? ) It feels like I've spent my whole life working on it."

*Daydreaming at Night* will be Page's sixteenth album, a number befitting a gorgeous debutante with 15 remarkable seasons behind her — seasons of noticeable brevity, actually. Averaging about three months each, from conception to completion, the previous releases are beaten by the year's work invested in the upcoming *crie du coeur*.

## THE NEW SHOW

He's happy these days as well with his latest performing incarnation, the Gregory Page Band, which gives focus to compositions seemingly plucked from another era, anchored by the often top-hatted vaudevillian belter who may have once wanted to be a circus clown but took a wrong turn somewhere. Complementing his performing these days are the vocals of Erica Davies, the piano of Martin Greaves, and the warm violin of Ray Swen. (Greaves and Swen are also heard on *Daydreaming at Night*, as are James East on bass and Brian "Nucci" Cantrell on drums.)

The union of Gregory and Erica on stage is the happy result of some weird set of stars' lucky alignment, it would seem. There was the young man who'd frequently seek out the wisdom and wares of old-time music's regional godfather, Lou Curtiss, at Curtiss' Folk Arts Rare Records. There was Louis Brazier, sound man and *major domo* at Lestat's, who'd frequently praise to Gregory the



talents of a young *chanteuse*, a young woman who seemed to have literally come from another era, long ago. Curtiss himself, when conversing with Gregory, would remark on the exceptional diva he'd recently heard around town, a lady

with similar musical interests as Page himself lately, as well as those of a frequent male customer of his . . .

It was all destined to sort itself out, and it did. The customer seeking musical sustenance from

Curtiss was a close friend of Erica's, doing the legwork as a personal favor to her. Louis and Lou had both been enchanted by the same young performer, as would be Gregory himself soon enough through their recommendations. Audiences at Lestat's would soon delight in the wonder of the blended voices of Gregory and Erica — something like a

light, flowery dynamite . . . "I knew I'd really regret it if I didn't approach her about singing together. I have a very strong habit of trying to avoid tragedy," Page confesses.

## WORLDWIDE SCOOP

Speaking of habits . . . when he isn't on some stage somewhere performing (believe it or not, it's not a priority . . . really) or strolling solo around his favorite section of Balboa Park (can't reveal the exact location, but it's east of Park Boulevard), his "habit" would be the primary focus of his life: making music in his home studio. "Home" isn't actually a correct term here. Six months ago he set up shop apart from his residence in Kensington, within a spacious converted garage of a very pleasant house among the foothills of Mount Helix in La Mesa. What's immediately strange is that so much older equipment is in such constant use by someone with such a remarkably keen ear as Page. He



# PAGE

## A CLOSET CLOWN'S DRY DREAMS IN A WET DESERT



uses what contemporary technicians would have every right to call “old school” or even “obsolete” equipment for two basic reasons. The first is that he’s always liked the gear and shuns the very idea of upgrading when he can get absolutely anything he requires out of what he’s got. The other (and perhaps primary) reason would be that almost all of the equipment is donated, or on loan, from angels he knows, angels with names like Rick Lein and Dylan Ankney and Rafter Roberts who must understand the value of Page’s art and seem pledged to encourage it. “I couldn’t do it without their kindness,” Page stresses. “I’m no techno freak. I appreciate the capabilities of this older equipment and it’s like we’re all familiar with one another. I see no reason to change just in order to be “cool” or “up to date.”

Which, of course, he’s always been anyway.

### SHOCKING UNKNOWN FACT

I couldn’t believe it myself when he told me. But: unlike during writing and recording (two activities only slightly less natural to him than breathing), when his concentration and focus are not easily jarred, Page becomes terrifically vulnerable to attacks of nerves before performing a live show. “It begins right when I wake up on the day of the show,” he explains. “The rest of the day is a battle to control it, and I’m getting a bit better with experience, I guess. But then, I’m a basket case once I arrive at the venue, and it only gets worse the closer I get to going on stage. I can get physically ill! The only relief comes with feedback from the audience and, suddenly, it’s as if all that nervousness, that fear, had never touched me.” With such an enthralling body of work, Page can easily be forgiven for being an occasion-

al pussy, can’t he?

### IT WILL GO ON

That explains a lot. A clearer perception of an exceptional man and his exceptional art begins to emerge. He’s certainly earned the contentedness he’s feeling these days. *Love Made Me Drunk* is out now on international shelves, on friend-and-fellow artist A. J. Croce’s new label, Seedling Records. Recently, while shopping at Walgreens, he saw it for sale and confesses, “It’s hard to describe the feeling. I wanted to buy it.” When reminded that Walgreens also sells cigarettes and rat poison, his giddiness remains untainted. One wonders if they also carry *Penthouse*, that once-crusading, innovative journal for the sophisticated horn-dog that carried a blurb and a lovely, kissable color photo of his intellectual mug a couple issues back. Page is still unbowed. “Well, it’s not like being Pet of the Month, I guess, but there’s still time.” As this is being written, John Doe of the X band is with him in Page’s studio, producing and recording the brilliant new album by Tom Brosseau. After that, Page will put the final polish on his masterwork *Daydreaming at Night* and then possibly take a break from recording for up to a year.

Sorry to have to tell you this, Mr. Page, but that seems unlikely. We know what your blood is made of and you can’t survive without all the ingredients. And your vaudevillian shows with your new band are becoming the hottest tickets in town, particularly at your beloved Lestat’s.

“Some people can remain dedicated to both music and a spouse,” he tells me. “I find that quite difficult.” Difficult? Let me help you, *Gregoire*. I now pronounce you man and wife. Music, you are now Mrs. Gregory Page. Your new child will have a name now, *Daydreaming at Night*. Time to get back at it. Keep those babies coming.

Does he see himself leaving San Diego, where he’s so comfortable with his recording studio, his family, fans and friends, his daily walks? “If I ever move, it’ll be to France,” he says. “I’ve always thought of myself growing old in Paris [where his father lives]. But . . . no. Here I’ve also got my mom, my sisters, uncle. Plus I’ve got a good auto mechanic, a wonderful doctor and dentist. And I’ve got Lestat’s. The people who came out last night paid my rent for the month. Some became emotional, openly weeping! No, this is my home. I feel like I’m sort of *needed*, and I’m very grateful for that.”

### IT’S TRUE

*For at least one person, it has already become The Year of Gregory Page. The year 2006 will always be known as that by that fan who had made the prediction over the phone late last year, who can now see the cover he shot for Love Made Me Drunk in stores wherever he travels, and who was fortunate enough to be trusted with the writing of this piece. Thanks, Gregory*

### GREGORY PAGE DISCOGRAPHY

1. *The Romantic Adventures of Harry* (Bed Pan 1993)
2. *The Romantic Adventures of Harry* (Bizarre Planet 1994)
3. *Fare Thee Well* (Produced by John Doe 1997)
4. *Flying Underwater* (Bed Pan 1998)
5. *And I Look Up* (Bed Pan 2000)
6. *Music for Mortals* (Bed Pan 2000)
7. *Grace in Arms* (Bed Pan 2001)
8. *Unhappy Hour* (Bed Pan 2001)
9. *The Reality of Dinosaurs* (Bed Pan 2001)
10. *Under the Rainbow* (Bed Pan 2002)
11. *God Makes Ghosts* (Bed Pan 2002)
12. *Love Made Me Drunk* (Bed Pan 2003)
13. *Live at Lestat's September 28, 2003* (Bed Pan 2003)
14. *Happiness Is Being Lonely* (Bed Pan 2004)
15. *Alive in Australia* (Bed Pan 2005)
16. *Sleeping Dogs* (Bed Pan 2005)
17. *Love Made Me Drunk* (Seedling Records/International Re-Release 2006)

### PRODUCTIONS

1. Jason Mraz *In Love and Sadness* 2002
2. Robin Henkel *Highway Blues* 2003
3. José Sinatra *Knowing Me, Touching Me* (Bed Pan 2001)
4. José Sinatra *Education and Outreach* (Bed Pan 2002)
5. José Sinatra *Knowing Me Again, Touching Me Again* (Bed Pan 2003)
6. Carlos Olmeda *Sensitive Groove*
7. Starbelly 2000
8. Sammy Lambert *Welcome to my World* (Bed Pan/Two Pressings/2000)
9. American Folk Singers *Music from the Bad Old Days, Vol. 1* (Bed Pan 2002)
10. American Folk Singers *Music from the Bad Old Days, Vol. 2* (Bed Pan 2003)
11. Tom Brosseau *The Blue Album* (Bed Pan 2001)
12. Tom Brosseau *North Dakota* (Bed Pan 2002)
13. Tom Brosseau *Five Songs* (EP/Bed Pan 2003)
14. Tom Brosseau *The Orange Album* (Bed Pan 2003)
15. Various Artists w/Jason Mraz, Carlos Olmeda, Lisa Sanders, Gregory Page, Tom Brosseau, Bushwalla, Anna and Lindsey Troy, Atom Orr, Berkley Hart, Angela Correa, Dead Rock West, Patrick Dennis *Aspasia Aid* (Bed Pan 2002)
16. Dave Easton *Club Cilche* 2002
17. Anna Troy *Doll House* 2004
18. Angela Correa *Correatown* (Bed Pan 2005)
19. Itai *Ice Age Melt Down* 2005
20. Jason Mraz *Demos* 2005
21. Lindsey Troy *War* (EP/2005)
22. Carlos Olmeda *The Other American* 2005
23. Tom Brosseau *The Blue Album* (Loveless Records/Re-Release 2006)
24. Tom Brosseau *Empty Houses Are Lonely* (Fat Cat Records 2006)



# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

## TELLURIDE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL



Our buddy Dwight in Telluride

Hello bluegrass fans! I write to you from 10,000 feet up in the San Juan mountains at Telluride, Colorado, home of the famous Telluride Bluegrass Festival. There are stunning views, snowcapped peaks, green meadows, elk on the highway, and air so dry my hands are cracking. San Diego it's not up here, but it sure has its own kind of beauty and appeal. The band I play in, Second Delivery, is entered in the Telluride Bluegrass Festival Band Competition and we play our first round in two days as I write this. Twelve bands from all over the country are entered, and those who progress through the first round perform a second round on the main stage on Saturday. Marke Foxworthy, Beth Mosko, Richard Burkett, Ramona Ault, and I as Second Delivery are hoping to fly the San Diego flag with pride, practicing like crazy, and trying to be ready for the competition. Each band must play, in each round, three songs—a fast song, a slow song, and one instrumental. I'll let you know how we do in next month's column.

## BLUEGRASS DAY AT THE FAIR.

Saturday July 1 is Bluegrass Day at the Fair held at the Del Mar Fair Grounds. Sponsored by the San Diego Bluegrass Society and the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club, this year's Bluegrass Day at the Fair will be held at the Finish Line Stage, which is a great place for bluegrass — no pig races next door and no screaming fun zone rides like last year. The Finish Line Stage is in the grass, covered and quiet, in a paddock area with a nice beer garden and food stands. The entertainment will include the Soledad Mountain Band, Second Delivery, the Bluegrass Ramblers, the Monroe Street String Band, and more. Also scheduled is a band scramble open to all pickers. You sign up on site — just bring your instrument. Names are drawn at random and bands are structured. Each band has about 15 minutes to work up two or

three songs, depending on the number of entries, to perform on stage. It's great fun and you will meet some new friends for sure. The action goes pretty much all day from late morning into the evening, so be sure to stop by the Del Mar Fair Grounds and look for the Finish Line Stage.

**CARING FOR YOUR INSTRUMENTS.** Bluegrass instruments are often expensive and typically have great sentimental value to their owners. And, for sure, we all want to sound as good as possible when we play, especially in public, so here are some basic tips on caring for your instrument to make it last and sound its best. First, with the exception of the banjo, bluegrass instruments are typically made of fine woods. Woods, such as Brazilian or Indian rosewood, are much sought after as are quality top woods like spruce. Wood, however, dries out when it gets dry outside and absorbs moisture when it is wet or humid. And, you guessed it, this can cause cracking. So, whether your instrument is a violin, mandolin, guitar, or bass (and even a banjo) you need to be aware of at least two things: how hot and humid is it? And, how quickly will my instrument change temperature or humidity? Ensuring that your instrument changes temperature and humidity *slowly* is the best thing you can do for it.

If you drive to Julian from San Diego and whip you guitar out if its case, you may be asking for trouble. Julian will be hot and dry compared to humid and mild San Diego. So, leave your instrument in its case for a while when you get to Julian or any other place where the temperature and humidity are different, letting it adjust *slowly* before you take it out of its case. This gives the wood and the glue a chance to adjust.

Also, consider using a humidifier. There are discs you can buy to insert into the hole of your guitar, and there are "dampits" that look like little worms you can put in a mandolin or violin that will maintain your instrument's humidity while it is out and being played. Even better, have a hygrometer in your case that will tell you what the humidity is, because, ideally, you want to keep the humidity between 50%-70%.

Happy playing!



## The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

### MORE BRUSHES TO PAINT WITH!

I don't like spending money. Well actually, that's not true at all. I LOVE spending money. I just don't like the whole 'not having it after I part with it' thing that inevitably follows. Sometimes though, you've just gotta bite that proverbial financial bullet in the interest of making better recordings. But that doesn't mean you have to spend a lot of dough — if you can help it. Careful planning and a little self-discipline can go a long way toward keeping you out of trouble and in the groove.

For instance, I recently had a situation that required multiple setups in a short span of time: A rhythm tracking weekend (drums, bass, guitar, and scratch vocals), a vocal overdubbing session, and a few days of acoustic guitar tracking. Ordinarily, this is no problem. I just set the mics up and tear them down as needed, but this time around I had some additional considerations: I wanted to start recording my upcoming solo record as well.

Being able to leave the acoustic guitar microphones set up would allow me to steal whatever free moments I had in the studio to lay down some tracks without the trial and error approach that is inherent in the self-producing process. My thinking was that if I got a great sound I'd be able to just "set it and leave it," not having to worry about anything but my performance (as all good recording experiences should be). Therein lay the rub: How was I going to leave these mics in place if I had to use them for recording other things?

The seemingly obvious answer was to borrow, rent or purchase more mics. As I had already gotten a few things into the studio on loan, borrowing didn't seem as attractive an option and renting is one of those things that doesn't always make sense in these situations, because unless you're getting something prohibitively expensive, the monetary difference between owning it for life and using it for two weeks is negligible. That means actually buying something.

Thus began the research phase. I went through a few gear catalogs and noticed that MXL Microphones, which is also known as Marshall Electronics ([www.mxlmscs.com](http://www.mxlmscs.com)), had quite a number of inexpensive offerings in the condenser mic category. Finding them locally in stores was a little more difficult than I had anticipated, but I eventually found a MXL V67 at Professional Sound & Music for UNDER

\$100!! The V67 is green with an expensive looking gold grill (I like goooooold!) and by now has the standard cardioid-only pickup pattern. I don't know how to say this without starting a stampede, but for the money this thing sounds amazing! It's got a significant bump in its frequency response between 8k and 16k, which results in a very sizzly, airy sound. When I first hooked it up, it sounded like I had inadvertently cranked the upper highs on the eq, so imagine my surprise at finding that I had the eq set flat. I knew immediately this would be my



"neck" position mic for the acoustic guitar. The resulting tracks have a lot of sparkle and sheen, which added an interesting bit of dimension when coupled with the other mics in a stereo configuration. Subsequent scratch vocal tracks sounded really nice, but when I used it on a guitar amp, it couldn't take the volume levels. Still, there's no better choice for the green novice or seasoned cheapskate.

I generally prefer to use a combination of condensers and dynamics when stereo tracking acoustic guitars, so I can get the punch of the dynamics and the open clarity of the condensers. While at Pro Sound, I asked about a large diaphragm dynamic mic. I was introduced to the first offering from the new EV/Blue Microphones pairing, the Raven (\$149). While it looked promising, with its bullet mic-like looks and the cool styling of its mount, it was not so



Sven-Erik Seaholm

great to use. The black matte finish of its exterior made a subtle upper-midrange ringing sound when I brushed it with my fingers and when in use, it actually had a severe bump there in its frequency range. I used it anyway, but the amount of drastic eq required to get this thing to sit in the mix hastened its return to the store.

My budget was going to have to increase a bit if I was going to get the desired results, and so for \$400 I bought the EV RE20, a legendary piece for being the de facto broadcast mic for many years now. If you listen to the radio at all, you've heard this mic in action. Its superior sound quality, ability to handle high volumes, and lack of proximity effect make it virtually unbeatable for close-micing everything from vocals to bass drums. In its role as "body mic" for the acoustic guitar, it was perfect. Perfection was also attained when the RE20 was used to mic an upright bass. I am truly at a loss for words to adequately describe how wonderfully the mic was able to capture the full range of frequencies generated by this very difficult to record instrument. Okay, here's one: Sweet.

I fortified my previously described neck and body mics with an SE Electronics se5500 tube mic that I set back about two feet from the center of the instrument. This captured some of the "meat" of the tone and added just a hint of the room as well. Later, I added even more room tone by running my guitar's pickup into an amp and miking that with a Shure KSM44 from about five feet away.

The sounds I ended up getting surpassed my expectations and didn't break the bank, so all is once again cool. Plus, I got to concentrate on making music without the fuss of endless tweaking, so the cash outlay more than justified itself.

Now if I can only make sense of the decision to buy the Bay City Rollers boxed set!

*Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent producer and recording artist. His new album Sotto Voce will be done soon. Catch him online at [www.svensongs.com](http://www.svensongs.com), [www.kaspro.com](http://www.kaspro.com), [www.thewildtruth.com](http://www.thewildtruth.com), and [www.myspace.com/svenseaholm](http://www.myspace.com/svenseaholm)*

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— Anatole France



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PONCE'S



# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## DELUSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD STAR

How terribly dramatic . . . I'm actually writing this one on the steps outside the theater on Sunset Boulevard where *Rock and Roll Heaven* officially opens tomorrow night. We did two full shows today; a complete run-through in the afternoon was followed by a dinner break and then our final dress rehearsal in front of invited guests.

So that's all done, finished. There were a few scary technical problems but, overall, it's pretty astonishing how well the show has pulled together during our four weeks of rehearsals.

Oh, yes. Those four frantic weeks have been tainted by moments so hellish that I might hesitate before wishing their like upon George Bush.

As I said, I *might*. Like if dogs flew. Or controlled our country. Oops, scratch that. This is really getting weird.

So here I am, physically hijacked into Hollywood where, beginning tomorrow, I'll only have to be present on Fridays, Saturdays, and half of Sundays.

For the next ten weeks.

I feel as if I know Hollywood now, and I can say without hesitation that Hollywood is certainly no San Diego.

There's no Winston's here, no Jesse-San, no Claire de Lune or Lestat's, and (amazingly) no San Diego Zoo.

The Hollywood "Zoo" is a 24-hour attraction, a unique collection of species that are distributed along a mile of star-studded pavement just a stone's throw away from our theater, running parallel to this legendary Sunset Boulevard. And Sunset, it seems, valiantly serves as a sort of training camp for the Main Stage to the north.

A fellow cast member was in something approaching ecstasy after having run into the celebrated Angelina Jolie the other night along the Zoo and was rather perturbed that I didn't exude the customary signs of envy as she breathlessly told the story. I suppose I might have been more enthusiastic if Ms. Jolie's extra-showbiz pursuits involved adopting crack babies or dumpster throwaways from some nearby neighborhoods rather than the vetted, protogenic overstock of some exotic-sounding, publicity-friendly foreign land.

When it (whatever "it" is) comes down to it, my sole interest in the actress spawned by Jon Voigt is entirely clinical and concerns those "bee-stung" lips and some equation about the likelihood of cuffs matching collars or something. But certainly not a priority at this point.

*Rock and Roll Heaven* has been greatly (and superbly) revised from the version I was involved with five years ago.

To me, the saddest deletion is the swell (or boss?) moment when my character, John



Photo: Jesse Egan

The allegedly stable Mr. Sinatra (left)

Lennon, cautions the audience about the forthcoming controversial nude scene, whereupon Sam Kinison escorts the raven-haired skeleton of Karen Carpenter onto the stage. It was a pointed, biting warning of the power and inherent devastation of eating disorders, a scene I'm convinced must have saved thousands of lives in the early part of the post-nineties (let's come to common ground, people. As distasteful as it may be: how about "the Aughts" once and for all, so we can get on with things?)

But little, really, has been lost. The current version contains an additional sequence that is, without doubt, equally profound.

Judy Garland, who was portrayed in the earliest version as a rather sad, cuddly, and dreamy fawn, is now all that as well as a big-time manic depressive, with balls.

Specifically, John Lennon's, which, in an excruciating scene, she "squeezes" with increasing gusto until he gives consent for her to insert her own vast selection of standards into the set list of the upcoming rock celebration in Heaven.

The lovely actress playing Judy, Alex Spencer, brings to light the undeniable power of modern womanhood in a performance as real as it is inspiring, and I find myself each day more eager to perform that scene with her — to be so literally touched once more, taken in her grip, and led that much closer to the summit of human contact. It is a gripping scene and I'm sure Alex will have no trouble sensing my own enthusiasm, night after night.

And, as a performer, it's comforting to know how truly touched I can feel by what is essentially scripted action. Just another of the glories of live theater.

*Rock and Roll Heaven, the musical comedy directed by Jason Mershon, plays Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday matinees at Theatre 88, 5419 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Reservations: www.plays.411.com/rockandrollheaven or call 323/660-7774 to see the Hose sing and dance, even get jiggy wid condoms!*



# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## I THINK, THEREFORE I THINK TOO MUCH

I've been unemployed for eight months now. That's given me a lot of time to think...

1. Things move slowly in the modern corporate broadcasting world. For example, in January I sent a demo CD and my resume to a station in Chicago. In early May they called and told me I was one of five people they were considering for the job. On June 16 they informed me that no decision has yet been made. Why does it take almost six months to not-make-up-your-mind-yet? They probably have to go through layers of bureaucracy just to get some Bic pens in the house.

2. I applied for a couple of jobs as a writer. When I showed them my portfolio of Troubadour articles, they laughed and threw them in my face.

3. I have a part-time "job" on KSDS, Jazz 88.3. It doesn't pay but it sure is fun (kind of like writing for the Troubadour). I am on the air every Thursday afternoon from noon to 3pm. Being there has rekindled my interest in jazz, a musical style I hadn't paid much attention to since the early 1970s. It also allows me to keep my chops up until one of our corporate commercial broadcasters wakes up and brings me back into the industry I've been in and loved since I was 18.

4. Lou Curtiss recently did a piece about the 100 greatest songs — ever. I actually knew a few of them. But he forgot to mention the following:

"Elvis is Everywhere" by Mojo Nixon (Elvis is now a religion.)

"Baby's Liquored Up" by the Beat Farmers (Country Dick Montana at his finest.)

"It's a Gas" by Alfred E. Neuman (nice groove, great belches...from Mad magazine, circa 1965)



Jim McInnes

"My Pal Foot Foot" by the Shaggs (a song so unrelentingly awful that it's great! It must be heard to be believed!)

"To Sir, with a Whole Lotta Love Boat" by Jose Sinatra (the pinnacle of lounge metal)

"I'm Filled with that Empty Feeling" unknown singer (from the LP Popular Songs for Unpopular People)

Wait! This looks like a playlist from Dr. Demento, doesn't it? It's just too hard for me to take this kind of thing seriously. Never mind. Kudos to Uncle Lou, though. He is really passionate about his music!

5. My wife is the 8th Wonder of the World. When she's not berating me for still not having a real job, she likes me just the way I am...like Mr. Rogers used to tell me on the TV...when I was 30.

6. Why is it that, in TV documentaries about big things like ocean liners, ancient wonders, and dirigibles, the writers always use some ludicrous comparison of scale to illustrate just how immense something is? They always seem to use football fields and the Statue of Liberty as analogies. "This ship is longer than four football fields and taller than two Statues of Liberty," intones the narrator. Why not try more exotic comparisons, such as "The Hindenburg was longer than nine million eraserless no. 2 pencils set end-to-end" or "The Colossus of Rhodes was taller than 600,000 flattened catcher's mitts?"

7. Uh, I forget... I wish you a wonderful July.



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# ACROSS THE INTERNET & AROUND THE WORLD

BY RICHARD F. BURRELL

Independence Day, otherwise known as the Fourth of July, is now upon us, and most would agree that July is assuredly the month best suited for reflection upon myriad factors that have contributed to making this a great country.

One major factor that immediately comes to mind is music and, more specifically, the vastly varied genres that comprise the American Songbook catalog. This catalog encompasses decades of creative genius and musical brilliance, from big band to classic jazz, ragtime to rhythm and blues, country, rock, folk, gospel, Cajun, bluegrass, tejano and zydeco, to mention a few.

This music has been immeasurably enriched through exposure to generations of ethnic musical influence as a result of innumerable waves of immigrants from foreign shores, all contributing to the evolution of this wonderful cultural heritage of ours. This music is indeed indicative of a continual and progressive evolutionary process exponentially strengthened by the effects of our characteristic "melting pot" hallmark.

This music formed the musical landscape of our forbears as they forged the foundation of a free America. It is, in essence, an integral component of the roots we all share in common.

As we celebrate our Day of Independence we should be grateful as a nation to the countless individuals who down through the years have put their hearts, passions, and souls into not only creating this music but also ensuring that the creative spirit behind it continues to flourish as a cultural art form.

It is with a deep sense of pride in our culture and heritage that my colleagues and I at RadioASB broadcast this wonderful music not only on the Fourth of July but each and every day throughout the year. We have much to celebrate, and the realization that we are the beneficiaries of a priceless musical legacy bequeathed us by the artists and songwriters of that rather extensive but loosely defined genre known as American Songbook is certainly just one of many reasons for rejoicing.



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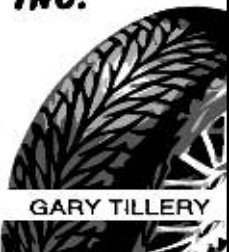
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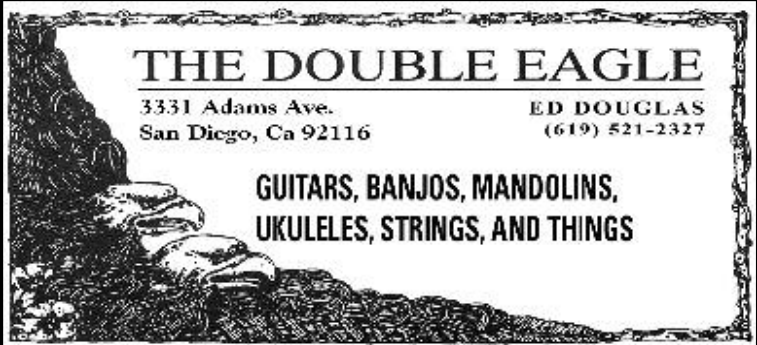
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The Many Musical Lives of Tanya & Larry Rose

continued from page 6.

years, Tanya has a great voice that has lost nothing over the years in spite of her asthma. We started going to the monthly club meetings of the San Diego Bluegrass Society in 2001 thanks to friends we met at SDFSS. There we met Bob and Paula Pearson and were invited to pick with them at their home.”

Larry remembers, “This was a breakthrough for me as it was my first chance to pick and sing with good pickers and singers beyond the few old friends we had from the 1960s who had scattered to the four winds more than 25 years earlier. My first public performance was with Wayne Brandon, Clarke Powell, and the New Smoky Mountain Boys at the 2004 Roots Festival, because Doug McKee couldn’t make it that year and they needed a mando picker. Bob Pearson played bass with this outfit. Tanya and Paula handled the vocals and harmonized with Wayne. Soon, again thanks to Bob and Paula, I did a few solos with them at the San Diego Bluegrass Club and at Walt Richard’s Slo Jam, which we found out about through the SDFSS people. Walt has also been a big influence in getting me to “come out” and pick in public.

Since then Tanya has created the Buffalo Chip Kickers to play old time country music based on Clarke Powell’s wonderful Roy Acuff and Bashful Brother Oswald-style Dobro. Our gigs took place at the S.D. Bluegrass Club meetings, the first gig outside of that venue was the 2006 Roots Festival. These were the same people who made up the New Smokies when playing with Wayne as the leader. The 2005 Roots was the best gig I ever played with the New Smokies after Wayne Brandon backed out at the last minute. Allen, you played guitar in that band and you know about the standing ovation we got in the old church after I finished with ‘Dim Lights.’ I’m still blown away by that. That year was also highlighted by the Earl Brothers, a bluegrass band that took the Roots Festival by storm. The New Smokies got to jam with them at a song swap and it was an absolute blast for me to pick along side those guys and for Tanya to sing. Now that the Buffalo Chip Kickers have arrived on the scene I’ll probably never pick with the New Smokies again after that impromptu invite at the last concert of the 2006 Roots, again in our favorite old church. Combining the BCK with the Smokies and Walt Richard’s group, Trails and Rails, the band was a fluke, but it sure was fun and the audience loved it.”

Bob Pearson recently shared some thoughts with me about Tanya and Larry. “The first thing that comes to mind is that I know of no one who supports local music more than those two. There is hardly a local event that gets done without Tanya and Larry there, either in the audience or as performers. Tanya’s singing is legendary. It seems that no matter who I meet, stranger or friend, mention Tanya Rose and they smile and talk about how much they admire her music. And let’s not forget Larry’s singing. What energy he puts into it! I once filled on vocals for one of Larry’s songs in a set he couldn’t attend. After one verse, I was embarrassed that I couldn’t capture that energy, so I stopped. Tanya has me doing harmony on a few songs and I feel privileged to sing with her. There aren’t many around the neighborhood who can claim to have sung with Tanya. I feel special. Larry and Tanya used to come to our house every Friday evening and we’d sit in our living room and pick and sing whatever came into our heads. I usually recorded the evening and made CDs for us. Now we both cherish listening to those old CDs. They bring back such fond memories of pickin’s past. Often our favorites were what we called “sleeze” songs. Songs like “Third Rate Romance,” “The Lord Knows I’m Drinking,” “Don’t Cheat in Our Home Town,” and “There Stands the Glass.” Sometimes we’d use the best from the Pearson’s living room pickin’s to do at Jeanette Anderson’s bimonthly Song Circle. Larry and Tanya were always there singing new old stuff, trying to do some old

classic country song Jeanette had never heard. I play regularly with Larry and Tanya. Tanya brings a lot of old country songs of the softer nature and Gospels to the set, which causes people to say, “Wow, I haven’t heard that in so many years.”

“Larry has an encyclopedic knowledge of



The New Smoky Mountain Boys: Tanya Rose, Wayne Brandon, Ed Douglas, Clarke Powell

old country and bluegrass music. He knows the words to many as well as words to fiddle tunes that are just not being sung anymore. Very refreshing!” Larry and Tanya are currently members of Bob and Paula’s band the Bluegrass Ramblers and play at most of the San Diego Bluegrass Society meetings.

Walt Richards recently sent the following letter to Tanya about the San Diego Folk Song Society newsletter and more:

Dear Tanya,

“I want to acknowledge you for the excellent newsletter that you compile and put out each month. The research you do on upcoming events is the best of any publication I’ve seen. It’s becoming the source for the acoustic music scene in San Diego County!

I always enjoy the Comments columns as they bring out ideas and opinions that are thought provoking. I know that you and Larry volunteer so much time and money in your support of acoustic music. We are so blessed to have you in our community. I have seen so much growth in all the acoustic music communities —Bluegrass, Old Time, singer-songwriter, Blues, Western, and now the San Diego Guitar Society; all have grown because of the effort of volunteers.

Thank you all so much and thank you, Tanya and Larry, for being a headlight on this train of Folk Music.”

Listening to Tanya and Larry perform provides us with their joy and insights into tradi-

tional music. It offers a window into a world of music that’s hanging on for dear life but doing more than just surviving. Tanya sings in many languages and styles. When she sings in Spanish, she sings songs from Spain and Mexico with authenticity and a strong dedication to the music’s tradition. She sings her beliefs and values. You experience the life of the song and are taken to a special place where you gain insight into the world through her talents. Tanya also sings gospel and religious songs in a way that make you feel close to the soul of the music. She is a true traditional singer and solid interpreter and keeper of the folk tradition. Both she and Larry continue to be a life-line in our folk music community. Larry has never lost interest in railroads, honkytonks, road and rail tragedy songs, and Ralph Stanley. Larry has a Ralph Stanley for President sticker on his mandolin case and probably knows more about Ralph than Ralph himself. Recently, Larry and Tanya have become the fans of the Earl Brothers bluegrass group and Larry struggles with divided loyalties over Ralph versus the Earl Brothers. Larry also has a passionate interest in trains and spends all his Saturdays at the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum in Campo, where he is on the board of directors and spends his time rebuilding and restoring old trains. He led the Museum’s effort to restore the 1884 vintage La Mesa Depot in 1981, which won an Orchid Award for historic preservation, presented by the local chapter of the American Institute of Architects where Larry has been a long-time member. Tanya is the membership director for the railroad museum, a volunteer job she has had off and on (mostly on) since 1974.

Experiencing Larry and Tanya’s music is a gift. Larry finds never-ending joy in the music and its musicians. Tanya is a real professional and a great singer of songs. Tanya and Larry will continue to be Sam Hinton’s “children.” They are old time traditional musicians and embrace the spirit of the folks we used to hear on old 78s, in highway juke joints, in churches and hollows, and wherever people continue to get together to pick and sing our music.

My Trips to Camp

continued from page 7.

music ideas were pouring out of me left and right. By the fourth day I had four songs either started or halfway done. I knew I’d finish them once I got home, which I did. On the next to last day, a song found me, grabbed me, and wouldn’t let go. I spent most of the day writing it,



The author (center) w/ Wendy Waldman (r.) and Wendy’s son Abe.

forgoing workshop participation. I felt compelled to write this tune and was writing it all the way up to 7 p.m., 10 minutes before I was supposed to go on at the evening Open Mic. All these serious songs had been coming to me at the camp, but the last song was purely ridiculous, a totally bizarre novelty tune. I wondered where it come from. I was glad I chose to do that one at Open Mic, despite the fact that I had to read scribbled lyrics and try to remember the bizarre melody I put to it.

The instructors were there to guide us. They don’t write the songs for us, they help us find our voice and tap into our muse. Some folks who were there had never written anything before, not even a poem, or else they had just started playing an instrument, but they got just as much out of the camp as I did, perhaps more.

We all came away from camp learning a bit more about ourselves. It was an especially poignant time because Penny Nichols, SummerSongs’ director and founder, was battling cancer so she was unable to be at that session although she did keep in touch with some of the group via laptop exchanges when she could. She referenced everything in such wonderful “nautical” terms, I thought she really was at sea! However, those who

knew her situation soon filled me in. Penny was on a serious medical journey. I’m happy to say that she is now back on “land” and doing very well! She’ll be back this year. My Muse is alive and well because of SummerSongs. I’ve written four more songs since last summer and have started others, so I know there are

a many more songs to come. I have a long way to go to become good at the craft, but how wonderful to have another new hobby in this “beginning of my second chapter” in life!

To learn more about these songwriting retreats, go to [www.summersongs.com](http://www.summersongs.com).



(l. to r.) Jaynee Thorne, Suzanne Reed, Kenny Edwards, and Renee Bodie

Note: Will Edwards’ “Letters from the Road, Part 3,” will appear in next month’s issue of the San Diego Troubadour.

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## Matt Curreri & the Exfriends Exercise Music for the Lonely

by Tom Paine

With breathtaking brevity and disarming warmth, Matt Curreri and the Exfriends try something crazy – they play modern rock music with honesty, depth, and feeling. Intelligent, English-major rock sometimes suffers from debilitating self-consciousness, but Curreri and company steer clear of that mirror and go straight for the dusty, open-ended majesty of truth, no matter what the cost.

This is literature. Like the best short stories, Curreri's vignettes score deep into the copper plate of consciousness with an economy of motion. Evoking just the right blend of detail and universality, these two-minute rock operas have you reaching for the replay button. Like great art, it continues to reveal layer after layer.

As the Attractions did for Elvis Costello, the Exfriends create the perfect canvas for Curreri's portraits. Sounding like the Replacements, Talking Heads, and early Paul Simon, they blend the East Coast, Midwest, and West Coast sound so masterfully that this music seems to come from everywhere at once.

What distinguishes Curreri from the herd is his utter lack of guile. There is no self-conscious ironic distance, a feature that mars so much modern rock music. Curreri's humanity shows and it isn't a joke. Curreri and the Exfriends have the humility and the courage to let simple truths emerge from the weave of life. Honesty creates intimacy. Some artists create masks to hide behind; other artists trust you with the truth.

But Curreri is no heart-on-his-sleeve singer-songwriter. Instead, he lets his scenes and characters call up moments of truth from the depths of your own soul that litter your life like jewels forgotten and fallen behind department store discount bins. You find the best of yourself in these songs, grateful for the reconnection.

Even when Curreri shows the darker side of his characters, he does so without a shred of condescension or condemnation. Curreri simply loves the frail, flawed hearts of his characters and he lets it show. Curreri never tells you what to feel. He simply lets you feel it.

"Carrie's Freckles" is a perfect example of the masterful way Curreri's skills of observation reveal a longing beyond language. Every songwriter in town needs to study this record if only to learn how to get to the point. "Carrie you have got some beautiful arms, they're covered in charms that God gave to you. Two short, short sleeves and a beautiful v-neck; I love what a v-neck and some freckles can do." Study how he lays those lines in a slow country waltz. Be amazed. Count yourself among Curreri's new friends.

Exercise Music for the Lonely is available at [www.mattcurreri.com](http://www.mattcurreri.com)



## Steph Johnson Genesee Avenue

by Dave Sawyer

If you've been around town lately, you may have heard Spinster recording artist Steph Johnson at one time or another. You'd remember if you had. You would've been mesmerized by the soul-soaked voice, the ease with which she moves through lyrics, her wild abandon as she deftly scats her way past your ears and eyes and into your heart — and you feel what she wants you to feel.

Genesee Avenue, Johnson's debut CD, features just over 39 minutes of jazzy, funky, bluesy soul music, spread over eight beautiful tunes, just aching to get to your heart.

The musicianship on this disc is absolutely stellar — it *has* to be when supporting a vocalist as strong as this one.

The band is comprised of Steph Johnson on vocals and guitar, Sean Rose on bass and guitar, Mikey Cannon on drums and percussion, Leo Dombecki on Wurlitzer organ, Seth Blumberg on guitar, and Leonard Patton on backing vocals.

Esteemed guest artists include trumpet master Gilbert Castellanos, percussionist Ty Kiernan, guitarist Christopher Hoffee (who also engineered and co-produced the album), and the fantastic Lisa Sanders singing back up on "True Love."

There are no disappointments on this CD, the songs, the performance, the production, the picture on the cover (by the illustrious Henry Diltz) are all high quality by any standard.

If I had to find something to nit-pick about, and I do — I might take issue with the third track, "Can't Relate" and the choice to fade out, then back in to hear someone say "This is gonna fade out, right?" I'm not a fan of these kinds of devices, but at least this one is kinda funny.

Also, "Wonderful Things" (track 5) immediately makes me want to sing "Mother, mother," the opening lyrics to Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On?" It does diverge from that pretty quickly, so it's not a big deal, but I am nit-picking here, it's my job!

Truly, I've found it difficult to nit-pick on this CD though; I love each track. Johnson's voice slays me. One big nit-pick is that I didn't get to play guitar on a single track (grin)!

I think it's obvious that I like this CD. Check out her website: [www.stephjohnsonband.com](http://www.stephjohnsonband.com) to hear some samples and to order the CD. There are also some cool pictures and even a PodCast available. How cool is that?

If you ever have the opportunity, see Steph Johnson solo or with the band, she is phenomenal. Her voice is unique and original and someone you could compare to Ella, Bessie, even Mahalia, and so many other great jazz/blues singers — but that still isn't Johnson. You've got to hear her to know what I mean.



## Marie Haddad A Beautiful Road

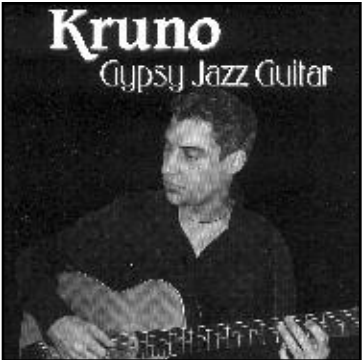
by Craig Yerkes

As much as I would like to think that I am in touch with my feminine side, I fear that my gender may be a slight roadblock when it comes to reviewing A Beautiful Road, the new disc from singer-songwriter Marie Haddad. The ideal target demographic for this music would be that intelligent, logical, yet passionate girl you see reading a worn out copy of a Jane Austen novel at the local coffeehouse but who also has a copy of Sex and the City in her purse somewhere. However, I drew this review, so I damn the Y chromosome as I reach deep for the estrogen within me and move forward.

Marie Haddad sings and plays piano with intensity, clarity, and precision in a style that will surely draw comparisons to Tori Amos (although Ms. Haddad seems to be in a much better overall mood than Ms. Amos and I think Haddad's voice is more versatile). The first five tracks follow a consistent direction with mid-tempo (mostly minor key), moody pop tunes full of impressive piano flourishes/hooks and crystal clear vocals. "Is It That Obvious" (note: if it wasn't that obvious before, it sure as hell is now!!), "Wishing Well" (irresistible piano intro on this one), and "Faster" (very nice staccato piano jabs) are the most appealing offerings in this first group of tunes. There is an impressive musicality showing through on all of these tracks and one could never fault this artist for the overall quality, but the challenge for me was to find an emotional connection with the poetic and highly personal lyrics (perhaps the gender issue rearing its ugly head?). For reasons that I can't put my finger on and for some that I can, I really did connect with track six, "Why, Why Not," the tune I liked the most. It reminds me of vintage Elton John with beautifully stacked harmony vocals that perfectly set up the verses, a powerful piano track that mixes complex chord/melodic structures with sublimely simple ones, plus a pre-chorus melody that positively soars.

The rest of the disc offers the same kind of mix and vibe that the first tracks did, with a few new touches like louder, more pronounced electric guitar tracks. "Rockstar Head" is the most playful, rocked out tune and I have a feeling that this song really gets the gentler sex reaching for the volume knob and nodding their heads in agreement with the lyrics.

Finally, I hate to give away too much info on hidden bonus tracks, but you really should to keep your CD player running after the last track. Throughout the CD, you'll find gems in the composition and performance that indicate the high level of care and craftsmanship Haddad brings to her work. Whether or not you personally connect with "A Beautiful Road," I leave you to discover, but any way you slice it, this is a fine and lovingly crafted piece of work.



## Kruno Gypsy Jaz Guitar

by Craig Yerkes

Kruno and his musical compatriots are clearly too busy perfecting the art of gypsy jazz to spend too much time on marketing. The cover art and title of this disc are not exactly monuments to creativity, but none of that matters once the music starts. I literally started laughing like a giddy kid about 15 seconds into track one. That reaction comes to me when I hear something so killer that I almost can't believe what I'm hearing.

Kruno's chosen style of jazz is easily accessible and instantly likeable but can be somewhat repetitive. Gypsy Jazz consists mostly of shorter, guitar-centric bursts of kinetic musical energy and, although there are probably a few too many of these types of tunes on the disc, Kruno does a supremely stellar job on all of these guitar showcase songs. The opening track, an original piece called "Swing Strabo," hits the listener right between the eyes with an up-tempo swing number featuring a sparingly written melody and a blistering guitar solo. That basic arrangement is used for most of the following seven tracks, but there is enough variety in tempo and melodic approach to keep things from really tipping over into being too much of the same thing. The original tracks "Pikap!" and "Bossa Kruno" really shine as tunes that make the most of this "guitar showcase" format. Track nine, the Django tune "Hora/Minor Swing," moves into a new direction and thankfully adds a violin and a cimbalom (a really cool, percussive Hungarian gypsy instrument that looks like a small piano, played by striking the strings with metal mallets). These new instruments add new life to the tracks that they are featured on. "Svaku Zenu Volim Ja" (featuring the aforementioned supporting instruments and some amazing vocals that I assume were done by Kruno) is the strongest track on the recording as it brings all the best elements together in one place. "Django's Castle" returns to the sparse guitar, bass, rhythm guitar format and really satisfies by taking a more restrained, melodic approach. "Spider Man" and "Puttin' on the Ritz" add some kitsch to the mix with two fun, rapid-fire cover tunes. "Delem, Delem" returns to full instrumentation, plus vocals, and ends the disc very nicely with beautiful performances all around and a very interesting arrangement. It should be mentioned that the supporting musicians do an excellent job and that the production effort is just about perfect.

I think this record would have been even better had Kruno spread out the distinct formats more rather than, mostly, clumping them together (i.e., put one of the vocal tunes as track three and one of the playful covers as track four to break up the guitar extravaganzas a bit). Still, this is an extremely entertaining and expertly executed recording, done by masters of this genre. This is gypsy jazz at its finest.



## The Drinks GRR!

by Kate Kowsh

Rarely does a debut album possess such a well-formed sense of purpose and musical direction the way the Drinks' self-produced debut LP GRR! does. It grabs you by the ears as to say, "Finally! Where you been? We've been waiting on you."

An indie band with a sense of humor, the group has wielded all they know about music to make this album one you'd bring to your buddies' house party.

Of their sound, Indie Retard magazine, a questionable fictional publication, says, "The Drinks create a dreamy tapestry of rock, funk, indie pop, and a Unique-Something-All-Their-Own (known to promoters and A&R as the coveted USATO)."

Chalk the diversity up to the length of their musical history. They've been at it for a while. Nick Carvajal, a band member, majored in music at the University of California, which, no doubt, lent a hand in stabilizing their eclectic, professional sound.

According to their web site, the Drinks have even been known to swap musical instruments while onstage. Talk about versatility.

Track 16, "Vow to Change" was recently played by request on The Local 94.9 radio show with Tim Pyles. Along with its introspective lyrics, the track's stripped down acoustic strumming leaves room to showcase just how gritty and engaging the vocals are.

"Friends and Lovers," a retro '80s, new wavish fusion, has a hook as classic as its sound. And, just when you think it's over, it catches you off guard by jumping over the cliff of momentary silence, belting its pleas.

On "A Diet That Actually Works," the guys flash their musical grins. It's a bluegrass, acoustic slow track that pokes fun at the ridiculousness of dieting.

Half way through the album, it becomes refreshingly clear that, although others may box up their sound in order to catalogue it easily, the Drinks can't be bothered. Instead, it seems they'd rather subscribe to the idea that a debut album should be a well-rounded helping of material.

Also, in the spirit of classic '70s' rock bands, they sprinkle three musical interludes throughout the record.

So, what to make of it all? Where can it be unwrapped and enjoyed to its maximum pleasure? It's definitely music made to be shared.

With this album, these four guys, (five if you count their imaginary member Muscles McSexy) welcome you into their garage of sound, take your coat, offer you a beer, and show you their high school year book. They make this their own personal album in every sense of the word; they've even pasted their baby pictures on the back. Who could ask for more than that?



# JULY CALENDAR

## saturday • 1

**Bluegrass Day**, S.D. County Fair, Finish Line Stage, 11am.  
**Paige Aufhammer**, Artisan's Market, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, noon.  
**Jack Tempchin & Rocket Science**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**Blues Party w/ Chet & the Committee**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.  
**Jane Lui**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer Trio**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.  
**Steve White**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.  
**Pacific Camerata Early Music Vocal Concert**, St. Paul's Cathedral, 2728 6th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Patty Hall**, Borders Books, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.  
**Martin Storrow Band**, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Collin Elliot/Elise Levi/Jordan Reimer**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**The Farmers**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.  
**Junior Reid & Reggae Angels**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**This Holiday Life/Trevor Davis**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## sunday • 2

**S.D. Guitar Society w/ Steve White**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 4pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Coo Coo Club, 8303 Winter Gardens Blvd., Lakeside, 4pm.  
**Sam Johnson Jazz Quartet**, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., 7pm.  
**Fairport Convention**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Acoustic Underground w/ Steve White & Brian Henke**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 3

**Sue Palmer**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, S.D. County Fair, Finish Line Stage, 7:30pm.

## tuesday • 4

**The Hank Show**, Old Poway Park, 14131 Midland Rd., 11:30am.  
**Coastal Communities Concert Band**, On the Green, downtown Rancho Santa Fe, 1pm.

## wednesday • 5

**Rob Thomas/Jewel**, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 6:30pm.  
**San Diego Songwriters Guild**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 7:30pm.  
**Nickel Creek**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Jack the Original**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 6

**Robin Henkel**, Terra Restaurant, Uptown District, Vermont St., 6pm.  
**Linda Ronstadt**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Sci-Fi & Horror Movie Trailer Festival**, The Whistlestop, 2236 Fern St., 8pm.  
**Abbey**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Pete Thurston**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Jump Jones**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 7

**Band in Black**, Vista Summer Music Series, 224 Main St., 6pm.  
**Upstream**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Golden Bough**, Fallbrook Americana Music Series, Hilltop Center, 331 E. Elder, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.  
**Indigo Girls w/ Michelle Malone**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Charles McPherson**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.  
**Keltic Karma w/ Chris Vitas**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Sue Palmer Trio**, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Winterhawk**, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Terence Hale**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Orquesta Binacional de Mambo**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Wild Truth/Coyote Problem/Michael Tiernan**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Sara Petite & the Sugardaddies**, Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Anna Troy & the Paperboys**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 9pm.  
**The Fremonts**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 8

**Jimmy Patton**, Artisan's Market, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, noon.  
**Patti Zlaket/Sven-Erik Seaholm/Rusty Jones**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 6pm.  
**Aaron Bowen**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Andy Hill & Renee Safier**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm. 858/566-4040.  
**Lori Bell/Ron Satterfield/Kevin Koch play the music of James Taylor**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**The New Band**, Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Citizen Band**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd.,

8pm.  
**Gregory Page**, Bamboo Yoga, 1127 Loma Ave., Coronado, 8pm.  
**Steph Johnson CD Release w/ Anna Troy**, Kava Lounge, 2812 Kettner Blvd., 9pm.  
**Lisa Sanders**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Smoke Staxx**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 9

**Nice & Easy Jazz Band**, Lafayette/Inn Suites Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.  
**San Diego Folk Song Society Mtg.**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.  
**Coastal Communities Concert Band**, Scripps Park, Coast Blvd., La Jolla, 2pm.  
**Band in Black**, Hennessey's, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 3pm.  
**Dan Papaila Trio**, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., 7pm.  
**Tokeli CD Release w/ Peter Sprague**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Tim Mudd/Stasia/Zohra Ptah/Becca/Buffy**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 10

**Blues Traveler**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.

## wednesday • 12

**Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies**, OB Farmers Market, 5pm.  
**Big Rig Deluxe**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 13

**Joe Rathburn & James Lee Stanley**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.  
**Elise Levi**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Renata Youngblood/Root Hubb**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Citizen Band/Experimental/Big Fellas**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 14

**Anna Troy**, OB People's Food, 4765 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 5:30pm.  
**Len Rainey & the Midnight Players**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Roy Bookbinder**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Kay Etheridge/Lisa Sanders**, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Beate's White Album Night**, Boat & Ski Club, 2606 N. Mission Bay Dr., 8pm.  
**North County Cowboys**, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.  
**Ex-Maquina**, Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague Trio w/ Leonard Patton**, Ki's, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Amy Obenski/Joey Person/Catatonic/Amy Ayres**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel Blues & Jazz Concert Band**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**The Joey Show**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 15

**S.D. Record Show**, 3909 Centre St., 9:30am.  
**Shawn Rohlf**, Artisan's Market, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, noon.  
**Jangada**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**Peter Hall**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**John Renbourn**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Peter Sprague w/ Lisa Hightower**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.  
**Ray Davies**, Spreckels Theater, 121 Broadway, 8pm.  
**SweetTooth/Not Since Reagan/Sugarglider**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.  
**Beth Preston & the Exfriends**, Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 8pm.  
**Tom Griesgraber**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Venice w/ Marcus Eaton**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Allison Lonsdale/Greg Laswell**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**CREATE Art & Music**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 16

**Peter Sprague Group**, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 5pm.  
**Lyle Lovett**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Gregory Page**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## monday • 17

**Sue Palmer**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 6pm.  
**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 7pm.  
**Nils Lofgren**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 8pm.

## tuesday • 18

**Tokeli & the Ensemble**, Tapenade, 7612 Fay, La Jolla, 5:30pm.

## thursday • 20

**Joe Rathburn & Harold Payne**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.  
**Tom Brosseau**, Meeting Grace House Concert, Normal Heights, 8pm. lizzie@meetinggrace.com  
**Jimmy Wilden**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Annie Bethancourt/Brewer & Chase/Dustin Shey**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Kite Flying Society CD Release**, Whistlestop, 2236 Fern St., 9pm.  
**Michelle Lundeen**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 21

**Sara Petite & the Tiger Mountain Boys**, OB Peoples Food, 4765 Voltaire, Ocean Beach, 5:30pm.  
**Nitro Express**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Sue Palmer Trio**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.  
**Bruce Hornsby**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Fred Benedetti/George Svoboda CD Release**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague Trio w/ Leonard Patton**, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.  
**Imminent Disaster**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Holiday & Adventure Pop Collective/Transfer/Get Back Loretta**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Silent Partner/Mark Polydoris/Tiff Jimber**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Blues Casters**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 22

**Hullabaloo**, Artisan's Market, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, noon.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Over the Line Party, Stinky's Tent, Fiesta Island, 1pm.  
**Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies**, U.S. Open Sandcastle Competition, Imperial Beach, 2pm.  
**Patty Hall w/ Greg Campbell**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm. 858/566-4040.  
**Jen & Abby**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Bluegrass & Old Time Fiddle Summit w/ Tristan Clarridge/Tashina Clarridge/Natalie Haas/Brittany Haas**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Carlos Olmeda**, House Concert, North Park, 8pm. kelley@acousticpie.com  
**Tommy Emmanuel**, East County Performing Arts Ctr., 210 W. Main St., El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Gilbert Castellanos Sextet**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Rojan w/ the PourNazeri Ensemble** (Kurdish/Persian music), Neurosciences Inst., 10640 John Jay Hopkins Dr., 8pm.  
**Tim Mudd**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Rascal Flatts**, Coors Amphitheatre, Chula Vista, 8pm.  
**Kyle Phelan/Saba/Dawn Thomas**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Blue Largo**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 23

**Ashley Matte**, KNSD Concerts on the Square, Horton Plaza, 10:30am.  
**Herman's Hermits/Peter & Gordon/The Turtles**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Appleseed/Two Sheds**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## monday • 24

**Sue Palmer**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 6pm.  
**Steely Dan**, Embarcadero Park South, 7:30pm.  
**Duncan Sheik/Vienna Teng**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Robin Trower**, 4th & B, 9pm.

## tuesday • 25

**Jazz Roots Anniversary w/ Floyd Dixon**, Saville Theatre, S.D. City College, 15th & C Sts., 8pm.

## wednesday • 26

**The Buddy Wuddy Blues Show**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**New Acoustic Generation w/ Michael Tiernan Trio/Kyle Phelan/Steph Johnson**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 8pm.

## thursday • 27

**Joe Rathburn & John Katchur**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.  
**Santana**, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 7:30pm.  
**Troubadour Showcase Benefit w/ Peter Sprague & Leonard Patton/Gregory Page/Lisa Sanders**, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 8:30pm.  
**Gipsy Kings**, Viejas Casino Concerts, 5005 Willows Rd., Alpine, 8pm.  
**Kite Flying Society**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## friday • 28

**The Bigfellas**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.

**Peter Sprague w/ Lisa Hightower**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.

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Sun 7/30 1pm

& The Boat & Ski Club no cover all ages buy picnic

**CD RELEASE PICNIC!**

# WEEKLY

## every sunday

**Shawn Rohlf & Friends**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twigg's, 4pm.  
**Traditional Irish Music & Dance**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 5:30pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Milano Coffee Company, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., Ste. B, 7pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Hot Java Cafe, 7:30pm.  
**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).  
**Hot Fudge Sunday Open Mic**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.  
**José Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Open Mic Night**, Lestat's, 7:30pm.  
**Blues Jam**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Tango Dancing**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.  
**Jazz 88 presents the Rebirth of Cool**, Air Conditioned Lounge, 4673 30th St., 9pm.

## every tuesday

**Blues Jam**, Blind Melons, 710 Garnet, 7pm.  
**Zydeco Tuesdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.  
**Irish Music Jam**, The Ould Sod, 7pm.  
**Listen Local Acoustic Showcase**, Jumping Turtle, 1660 Capalina Rd., San Marcos, 8pm.  
**Hot Club of San Diego**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.  
**Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Mojoley Jazz Quartet**, Taylors, 721 Grand Ave., 9:30pm.

## every wednesday

**Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market**, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.  
**Dan Papaila** (solo jazz guitar), The Lodge at Torrey Pines, 5pm.  
**Old Timey Night**, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.  
**High Society Jazz Band**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.  
**Tomcat Courtney**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa,

873 Turquoise St., 8pm.  
**Listen Local Acoustic Showcase**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Ocean Beach Open Mic w/ Jefferson Jay**, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

## every thursday

**Dan Papaila** (solo jazz guitar), The Lodge at Torrey Pines, 5pm.  
**Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn**, Folkey Monkey Thursdays, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer**, Martini's, 3940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.  
**Moonlight Serenade Orchestra**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.  
**Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic**, Borders Books & Music, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Hot Java Cafe, 7:30pm.  
**Thursday Club**, Portugalía, 4839 Newport, OB, 8pm.  
**Open Mic/Family Jam**, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.  
**Listen Local Acoustic Showcase**, Tiki Bar, 1152 Garnet Ave., 8pm.  
**Swing Thursdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## every friday

**California Rangers**, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.  
**Dan Papaila** (solo jazz guitar), The Lodge at Torrey Pines, 5pm.  
**Basin Street Band**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic Night**, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.  
**Turiya Mareya & WorldBeat Jazz Ensemble**, WorldBeat Cultural Center, 2100 Park Blvd., 9pm.

## every saturday

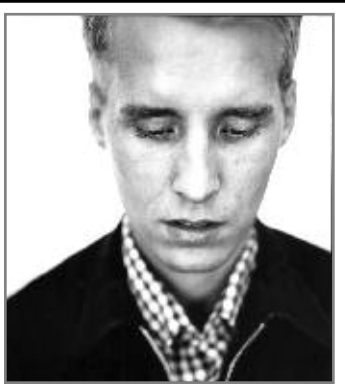
**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Dan Papaila** (solo jazz guitar), The Lodge at Torrey Pines, 5pm.  
**Christian/Gospel Open Mic**, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.  
**Tijuana Latin Jazz Project**, Ave. Gustavo Diaz Ordaz #14109 Col. Guadalupe Victoria, Tijuana, 9pm.

## sunday • 30

**Cathryn Beeks Ordeal CD Release Picnic w/ special guests**, Boat & Ski Club, 2606 N. Mission Bay Dr., 1pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, Mission Bay Deli, Quivira Basin, Mission Bay, 2pm.  
**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Kate Sessions Park, 5077 Soledad Rd., 4pm.  
**Blues Jam**, Etta's Place, 6179 University Ave., 5pm.  
**John Batdorf w/ Bill Batstone**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Hong Kong Performing Arts Ensemble**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Dave Yaden/Charles Kelley/Keaton Simons/Matthew Kaner/Curtis Peoples**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Manual Scan/Power Chords**, Casbah, 8:30pm.  
**John Hull/The Hatch**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 31

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



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PAUL MCCARTNEY 64TH-B-DAY TRIBUTE



Photo: Tim Woods

Greg Gross



Photo: Tim Woods

A capella Dave



Photo: Tim Woods

Jim Soldi



Photo: Steve Covault

Dennis Borlek



Photo: Steve Covault

Dave Humphries



Photo: Steve Covault

Emcee Bart Mendoza



Photo: Tim Woods

Sam Luke



Photo: Tim Woods

Sam Kaplan



Photo: Tim Woods

Monty McIntyre



Photo: Steve Covault

Rick Gazelay



Photo: Steve Covault

Leon Russell



Photo: Steve Covault

Earth, Wind, & Fire



Chet & the Committee open for Willie Smith



Photo: Steve Covault

Cindy Lee Berryhill & Friends at Artists Colony



Photo: Shawn Rohlf

Harper James Rohlf, the youngest of the Troubadour family



Chuck Schiele, Joey Harris, Bob Wilson, Mighty Joe @ Joey Show



Photo: Steve Covault

Aaron Bowen & Jane Lui



Photo: Steve Covault

Michael Tiernan



Photo: Steve Covault

Hugh Gaskins

ACOUSTIC ALLIANCE



Photo: Steve Covault

Lizzie Wann



Photo: Steve Covault

Isaac Cheong



Photo: Steve Covault

Molly Jensen



Photo: Steve Covault

Shawn Rohlf



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Alex Esther



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Derren Raser



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